THE TRAVELS OF TWELVE-PENCE.

Imagine Reader (to his griefe and glory)
Twelve-pence *himselfe declares his wandring Story:*
Relating how he first was borne and bre
And how about the world he Travelled.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

By JOHN TAYLOR.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

TO

ALL THOSE THAT HAVE BEEN, ARE, WILL, or would be Masters of a Shilling, or Twelve-pence.

SIR Iohn Mandevill, *an English Knight, a famous Traveller and Discoverer of forraine Maners, Regions, and Rarieties*; Christopher Collumbus, Magellane, Hernando Cortez, Don Diego de Almagro, Drake, Hawkins, Frosbushir, Baskervile, Cavendish, *and many more worthy Travellers of our own & other Nations, whose honorable, dangerous, and laudable atchievements, have made their meritorious*

names to bee Recorded, to the admiration of the time paſt, preſent, and to future poſterity: yet if it be well conſidered, it will plainly appeare, that all their laborious endeavours had an end with their lives: But the Traveller that I treate of, the Thrice-treble-triumphant Troynovantine Twelve-pence, *is like a perpetuall motion in a continuall travell, to whoſe Iourney there can be no end, untill the world come to a finall diſſolution and period. For the progreſſe of* Coriat *was but a walke in regard of my* Shillings *perambulation: and if the Inke and Paper-murthering fictions ſhould be true of* Amadis de Gaule, Huon, Sir Egre, Bevis, Guy, *the* Mirrour of Knighthood, *the* Seven Champions, Chinon, Sir Dagonet, Triamore, Mounſier Mallegrindo, *Knight of the frozen Ile: If it were poſſible that all their lyes ſhould be true, of the great travels of thoſe imaginary and never ſeene Worthies, yet muſt they all come ſhort of the praiſe that is due to my travelling* Twelve-pence. *I could have*

buſied

buſied my braines about many other Subjects, as quicke Epigrams, *biting* Satyres, *ſharpe* Iambicks, *ſoothing* Elegies, *pleaſant* Paſtorals, Odes, Madrigalls, *or* Roundelayes, *alluring* Sonnets, *flattering* Epithalamiums, *or lying* Epitaphs, Panegericks, *or name-ſerving* Acroſticks, *and* Anagrams, *lofty* Tragedy, *lowly* Comedy, *riddling* Morall, *or ſtately* Heroicks: *either of all theſe I could have poorely handled, but that my Muſe ſtumbled by chance upon this* Twelve-penny *ſubject, wherein I would have the Reader to conſider, that in ſome places, I ſpeak only of a* Shilling, *or Twelve-pence, and in ſome places generally of* Mony. *I have ſet down the maner of my* Shillings *ſhifting of Maſters, more often than the Serieants do; for they uſe the old Sheriffes like Almanacks out of date, and yearely ſerve the new; but* Twelve-pence *hath ſometimes twelve, ſixteene, or twenty Maſters in a day. In a word (Reader) I doe not beg your favour, crave your acceptance, entreat your kindneſſe, implore your love, or requeſt your friend-*

ſhip; for it is not any of theſe in particular that I ſeeke or care for: but generally at all I ayme, and for all I hope, and being in that hope, I leave you to Reade and Iudge of my inſuing Labors, and my Twelve-pences *Travels.*

Yours, as you pleaſe to be mine,

IOHN TAYLOR.

THE

THE TRAVELS OF TWELVE-PENCE.

IF any one (as I done boldly dare)
a His Birth, his breeding, and his Life declare:
Let him appeare, and I dare lay my necke,
He will be hang'd, or elſe deſerve a checke.
From vaſt *America's* rude barbarous bounds,
b From rocky barren ſoyle, and ſterill grounds,
Where men did not their Creator know, (bow,
And where the *Devil's* the *God* to whom they
There from my Heathen *Dam*, or *mother Earth*
With paines and travell, I at firſt had birth.
A hundred ſtrong men-midwivs, digg'd their way
Into her bowels, to find where I lay (matters,
With Engines, Spades, Crowes, Mattocks, and ſuch
They ripp'd and tore her harmles womb to tatters,
And but they did within the mid-way catch me,
They would have digg'd to hell it ſelf to fetch me.

a No man dares confeſſe his whole life and actions, as my Twelve-pence doth. *b* Where the beſt metals doe grow, the Earth is moſt barren, which is an Emblem that they that hoard or hide money, are barren of all fruits of goodneſſe.

At last they found me, mixt with dirt and drosse,
Corruption unrefin'd, eclipst my Glosse,
And from the Earth I in the fire was tride,
And into Ingots purg'd and (a) purifide.
From (b) *Paphlagonia*, some my birth do count,
Neere *Sandracugium*, a Most famous Mount,
And that poore Slaves which were condemn'd to dye
Were forc'd to dig for me laboriously.
Whereas the dampish Mines infecting ayre
Kil'd the poore wretches, and so eas'd their care.
Some say that (c) *Menes*, an Ægyptian King,
Me to the shape of Coyne, at first did bring;
But when they saw that people greedily,
For me did run into all villany,
The Priests did curse the King that first invented
Me, that so many wayes their minds tormented,
For till they knew me, they affirmed true,
No Envie, Pride, or Avarice they knew.
Thus with great labour, and the death of men,
I first was borne; and afterwards agen

a Purchase. b *Pollydore Virgil.* c *Menes* might be first inventer of Coyne in Ægypt, yet not of a Twelve-pence, but I thinke money was in *Caines* time, and I am sure that *Abraham* bought a field for buriall with money.

He

He that to money did convert me first,
Was by the Priests and people bann'd and curst.
With blood and curses I at first began,
And ever since have beene a curse to man.
Yet for me some excuses may be showne,
The name of *Twelvepence* was as then not known,
Diversity of Coynes o're all the world
Were scatter'd universally, and hurld,
In Courts, in Cities, and in warlike Campes,
E're I was made, they all us'd other stamps.
There were some *Sicles*, some * *Merviades*,
An *As*, a *Drachma*, a *Sesterties*,
Quadrens, *Sextanes*, *Minaes*, (it appeares)
Didrachmaes, and *Sportulaes*, and *Deniers*.
My name at first did from the Romans come,
(As *Cooper* sayes) they call'd me *Solidum*,
Or from a Souldier it was named thus,
(As 'twere his daily wages) *Solidus*,
For though the times are subject to mutation,
Yet from *Soldatus* I have nomination:
Thus *Twelve-pence* hath an ancient Warrior bin,
Although men know not when I did begin.

* A small piece of Spanish Coyne, six of them to an English penny.

And

And by experience all the world can tell,
Soldatus doth love *Solidus* ſo well,
That alwayes every Souldier is unwilling,
Long to be kept aſunder from a *Shilling*:
If he doth want me, a month, two, * or three,
Hee'l grumble, and goe neere to Mutinie.
He hath no mind to draw his ſword and fight,
But (diſcontented) bids the wars good-night.
When let but *Solidus* come to his hand,
Hee'l fight as long as he can goe or ſtand,
Regarding nor remembring child or wife,
Hee'l hazzard and endanger limbe and life.
And thus by way of argument 'tis pend,
A *Shilling* is a Souldiers loved friend.
A *Shilling's* much more ancient than a pound,
And in pronouncing gives a better ſound:
As for example; which is moſt mouth-filling
Of fifty pounds, or of a thouſand ſhilling,
A thouſand pounds, may make the accent rore,
But twenty thouſand ſhillings ſoundeth more.
Thus of two ſyllables I am compacted,
When into one the bounds are all extracted.

* Souldiers wanting their pay, will want good will to ſerve.

The

The Travels of Twelve-pence.

The Germane *Dollers* are my Iuniers farre,
So are the *Copesticks* of the *Brabander*.
The Spaniſh *Royall*, piece of foure and eight,
On me for my antiquity may wait,
The *Floren*, *Guelder*, and French *Cardecue*
To me are upſtarts, if Records be true,
The *Groſh*, * *Potshandle*, *Sliver*, *Doyte*, and *Sowſe*,
Compar'd with me, are all ſcarce worth a Lowſe:
Nor can the *Atcheſon* or the *Baubee*
For my antiquity compare with me.
The halfe crowne is on horſe backe mounted hye,
Yet never travell'd halfe ſo farre as I;
The Scottiſh Mark's a dang'rous piece of Coyne,
*'Tis juſt a hanging price if one purloyne,
There is no ſuch hazzard in the ſtealing mee,
I am three halfe pence lower in degree,
And as in pence I for a Iury ſtand,
* I have eleven Coynes under my command:
And (to grace all the reſt) my proper ſelfe,
Like a Grand-Iury man make up the Twelfe.
Becauſe men ſhall not thinke I brag or prate,
Thoſe whom I doe command Ile nominate.

* A braſſe piece of Bohemian Coyne, twelve of them to a penny. * The Anatomy of Twelve-pence or a ſhilling.

Nine pence (3 quarters) with his Harp befriends me,
And six pence with halfe ſervice ſtill attends me:
The fourepence half-penny next comes fidling on,
The Groat my third part doth depend upon:
The three-pence is a quarter wayter ſtill,
The two-pence in ſix parts attends my will,
Three-halfe-pence ſtoops to my cõmanding ſway,
And eight of them at once doth me obey:
The ſingle pence are all my little Cozens;
And doth attend my ſervice by the dozens.
Three farthings by ſixteenes attend in plenty,
And halfe-pence to the ſum of foure and twenty:
And laſt (for Pages) on my ſtate doth wait,
Of dapper farthing tokens forty eight.
But e're I did attaine my ſhape and forme,
Ibide the brunt of many a furious ſtorme;
For this the world I would have well to wot,
Mine honour was with paines and danger got.
I paſt the raging Seas and flaming fire:
And gain'd a Face and Croſſe for all my hire:
It would almoſt diſſolve a heart of flint,
To be ſo us'd as I was in the Mint:
The paines of Purgatory cannot be
But fictions to thoſe things that fell on me.

For what I did endure, had man but felt,
It had (like Kitchinſtuffe) have made him melt.
Then my Tormentors, all at once agrees
From my great heat, to let me coole or freeze,
And dead and cold, me then againe they martyr'd,
Me all in pieces they becut and quarter'd,
Weighing the mangled māmocks, they pronounce
That five of me in weight ſhould be an * ounce.
Then to the Anvill was I brought in haſte,
Whereas with hammers they did me bumbaſte,
And there they never left belab'ring me,
Vntill they brought me to the ſhape you ſee.
Thus I mine honour, and my forme did win,
Through many dreadfull dangers I was in.
And though there ſcarce doth memory remaine,
What I was ere the ſixt king *Edwards* raigne;
Yet long before his time I was in value,
As read in good true written Stories ſhall you.
My ſtamp (when *Rome* did keep the world in aw)
Was foure ſwift Steeds that did a Chariot draw,
Which figur'd, that I to and fro ſhould run
An endleſſe journey that would nere be done.
I am made endleſſe, round, which doth portend,
Till the world end, my journey nere ſhall end.

* Five ſhillngs weight an ounce.

And

And men may plainly in my roundneſſe ſee
An Emblem of the worlds rotundity.
Round is the Globe, round is the Hemiſphere,
Round runs the Sun & Moon each month & yeere
Round ran the Empire from th' *Aſſyrian* Kings,
Round unto *Perſian*, *Greece*, and *Rome* it flings,
Round to great *Britaine*, it is come I know,
Whence (hem'd round with the Sea) it cannot go
But the maine cauſe that makes it ſtay and ſtand,
Is where 'tis guarded by th' Almighties hand.
Round from the North to Eaſt, to South and weſt
All Arts have ſtill run round, 'tis manifeſt.
The *Iewes*, th' *Ægyptians*, *Caldies*, *Perſians*,
Devis'd Arts, and were *Aſtrologians*,
And true experience doth approve it thus,
Their knowledge is run round, from them to us.
The age of man goes round, a child at firſt,
And like a child returnes unto his duſt.
His body and his limbs, his eyes, his head,
All in round formes are made and faſhioned,
The roots, the fruits, the flowers and the Trees,
All in a round conformity agrees, (neſſe
Our drinking helths run *round*, with nimble quick-
Vntill at laſt too many healths brings ſickneſſe:

Whe

When ſtore of money to mens hands doe come,
They ſay they have receiv'd a good *round* ſum;
And when a man doth take a Knave up ſoundly,
'Tis ſaid, he told him of his faults moſt *roundly*.
The Hangman hangs a Traytor, or a Thiefe,
And is about his buſineſſe *round*, and briefe.
Round are the diſhes where we put our meat,
Our cups wherein we drinke, are round complete:
Round is our Butter, round our Cheeſes are,
Round are the cloaths wch on our backs we weare,
Beaſts, fowles and fiſh, that every where abound,
Are (for the moſt part) every where made round.
Round are all wedding rings, implying will,
Mens cares run round, like horſes in a Mill.
Thus having plainly ſhew'd, why and wherfore
I am made round, now to my taske once more.
About my circle I a Poſie have,
The Title God unto the King firſt gave.
The circle that encompaſſeth my face,
Declares my Soveraignes Title, by Gods grace,
Vpon my other ſide is * POSVI DEVM,
Whereto is added ADIVTOREM MEVM.

* In Engliſh, I have put (or placed) God my helper.

The

The which last Poesie Annagrammatiz'd,
* *Wisdome admit me Power*, true compriz'd,
Wisedome at first upon me did bestow
Such power, that for a *Shilling* I should goe,
When *Wisedome gave me power*, I was then
A servant, not a Master unto men.
Now *Power* * *makes me Wisedome*, force perforce
Improper, like the Cart before the horse.
For in this Age, so many friends I find,
My powers before, and Wisdome comes behind.
He that for *mee* and for my kin can rake
Is wise, (although a Coxcomb) for my sake,
He that wants me, shall be esteem'd an Asse,
Although he be as wise as ere man was,
For there's such league one in Triplicity
Sworn firme betwixt the devill, the world, and I
That those who to the one true servants be,
Are captive bondslaves unto all the three.
Great sway upon the earth to us is given,
For well we know we nere shall come in heaven

* Anagram of the Latin Motto of *Posui*, plac'd into English words, Wisdome admit me Power. * The Annagram turn'd backward, Wisdome comes behind money.

And all that in us take delight and mirth,
Their onely heaven is here upon the earth.
And covetous they are not in this case,
Because they covet for no better place;
So much for that: now to my shape againe,
You see my face is beardlesse, smooth and plaine,
Because my Soveraigne [a] was a child 'tis known,
When as he did put on the English Crowne.
But had my stamp been bearded, as with haire,
Long before this it had been worne out bare:
For why, with me the unthrifts every day,
With my face downewards doe at shove-boord play,
That had I had a beard, you may suppose
Th'had worne it oft as they have done my nose.
Yet doth my bare face sometimes now and than,
Make a young beardlesse Boy outface a man,
For any Boy, and I, doe both agree,
To outface any man that doth want me.
A crosse [c] I beare upon the other side,
(A glorious figure of true Christian pride)
And with that crosse I any man can crosse,
From wrong to injury, from harme to losse,

[a] King *Edward* was crowned at nine yeares of age, and dyed before hee was sixteene. [b] *Edward* Shillings for the most part are used at Shove-board. [c] Vpon the Crosse of Twelve-pence.

And in me is such working powerfulnesse,
That those that have me can both curse and [a] bless.
The *English* & *French* Armes, the Lyons & flowrs,
Shewes *France* a subject once to *Englands* pow'rs.
And when my Master did respire his breath,
His Sisters, *Mary*, and *Elizabeth*
Ordain'd new Twelve-pences with me to joyne,
But altred not my Badge upon my Coyne,
Except a little, which King *Phillip* did,
Which Queene *Elizabeth* did soone forbid.
But since the comming of my Soveraigne *Iames*,
The Badge upon my [b] back more worth proclaims.
And to mixe state with truth, truth with delight,
Vpon the Armes I carry, thus I write.

Upon the Kings Armes.

THree *Lyons* Passant (borne by former Kings)
Subdues the [c] *Harp*, quarters the [d] *flowres* of
Fourth [e] *Lyon* Rampant, equal honor brings, (*France*
Though having pow'r to war, doth peace advance:
Vnited in great *Iames* this Royall stile,
King of great *Britaine*, *France*, and *Irelands* Ile.

a Here I meane generally of mony, and not simply of our Twelve-pence. b K. *Edw.* Q. *Mary*, Q. *Elizabeth*, and King *Iames*, all their shillings of equall weight and value, and therefore my Twelve-pence hath upon his back the Royall Armes here expressed in verse. c *Ireland.* d The Flower de lewes of *France.* e Lyon of *Scotland.*

Thus

Thus Readers, having Printed for your reading,
My Birth, my Rising, my Estate, and Breeding;
My Badge, my Face, my Crosse, my Annagram,
How mighty in my great command I am,
Now will I tell some travels I have had,
Some (as I remember) ile recite,
Should I name all, t'were almost infinite.

ONe ask'd the * *Cinnicke* wise *Athenian*,
The cause why silver look'd so pale and wan?
He in reply was quicke, and answer'd strait,
Because so many for it lay in wait.
And did men thinke in what diversity
Of fashions men for me in wait doe ly,
They would agree together in a tale,
That I had reason to looke wan and pale.
* I have of treason, bin made instrument
To betray Kingdomes, and to circumvent,
To undermine, and to subvert the states
Of Empires, and of mighty Potentates.
I have caus'd murther, cruell *Homicide*,
Foule *Fratricide*, unnaturall *Paricide*.
For which a curse doth unto me remaine,
A Runnagate, and Vagabond like *Caine*.
And though that God in thrundring Majestie
Forbad man to have any God but he,

* *Diogenes.* * Twelve-pence is a shrift.

Yet many thousands that command, forget,
Not minding God, their minds on me* they set.
To purchase me, men have forsworne and sworne,
And from the Book of life their names have torn.
For me the Sabbath is prophan'd with workes
Of Christians labours, worse than Iews or Turkes.
For me those Parents that have nurst and bred
Their children, by them are dishonoured;
For to have me (to endlesse joy or woe)
Some children care not where their Fathers go.
I with the deu'ls sole helpe (my sole partaker)
Have beene an uniuersall *Cuckold*-maker:
For where nor wit, or beauty could come in,
In any shape I could admittance win.
I make the husband sometimes keepe the doore,
The whilst (for me) his wife doth play the whore.
And many times (to move all hell to laughter)
I made a Mother Bawd unto her Daughter.
I forc'd a Virgin, cast of continence,
And Chastity, and put on Impudence.
I made a reverend Judge to take a Bribe,
I made a Scribe a forged name subscribe.
I cans'd a Miser sell his soule to hell,
Because I here on Earth with him should dwell.
And eighteene yeares he kept me day and night
Lock'd in a Chest, not seeing any light.

* On Money.

And though my lot was thus a Slave to be,
Yet was he a farre worſer Slave to me;
For he had vow'd himſelfe to death to pine,
Rather than ſpend one penny pot of wine,
Although he late had ſwallow'd down his throat,
Stinking freſh Herrings threeſcore for a Groat.
And he did bide this ſlaviſh miſery,
On purpoſe to debarre my liberty.
At laſt this poore, baſe penurious Knave,
Was borne (the way of all fleſh) to his Grave:
And his brave heire upon his backe had got
A mourning merry ſute, long look'd, I wot:
He the next day let flye the ill got treaſure,
And I began to ſee ſome worldly pleaſure;
From my old Maſters Cheſt I was aſſum'd
To my young Maſters pockets, ſweet perfum'd;
T' a Bawdy houſe of the laſt new tranſlation
He bare me with him, for his recreation;
There for a Maydenhead he plaid a game,
Where eightſcore more before had don the ſame.
There did my Maſter *Knave* diſcharge the ſcore,
And went, and left me with my Miſtris *Whore*.
I ſtayd not in her ſervice long, for ſhe
Was not two dayes before ſhe ſet me free,
For having got a *Frenchified* heat,
She was preſcrib'd a dyet and a ſweat,

She gave me to the *Surgeon* for ſome *Lotion*,
For *Vnguents*, and a gentle working Potion,
For Playſters, and for oyntments in a Box,
And ſo I left my Miſtreſſe with a *Pox*.
The *Surgeon* me to the *Phyſician* ſent,
From him I to th' *Apothecary* went,
But there I thought that Hell I had beene in,
And all the *Fiends* had in his Boxes bin.
For it appear'd to me, that all his drugs
Had got the names of the infernall Bugs:
Zarzaparilla, Colloquintida,
Auxungia Porci, Caſſia Fiſtula,
Egiptiacum, Album Camphiratum,
Blacke *Oxicrotium*, and white *Sublimatum*.
But ſoone my Maſter freed me from my feare,
He to the Taverne went and left me there.
And whilſt I in the Vintners houſe remain'd,
Some knowledge of my maſters ſtate I gain'd.
Let no man ſay, that drunke my ſelfe I ſhow,
For what I ſpeake, I underſtand and know.
Ile ſhew ſome diſcommodities that wait
(For the moſt part) on every Vintners ſtate.
Firſt, if a row of houſes ſtands together,
All of one bigneſſe form'd, no oddes in either,
If one of them be to a Vintner let,
Amongſt the reſt, at double *rent tis ſet.

* Vintners Rents dearer than any almoſt by halfe.

Next,

Next, if French Wine be twenty pound the Tun,
But a poore penny in a quart is wun:
Beſides, he ſometimes in the Caske doth find,
Of Lees ſix Gallons for a Lagge behind.
And more, when in the Celler it is layd,
The Carmen, and Wine-Porters muſt be paid.
And by misfortune if the Caske be weake,
Three or foure Gallons on the ground may leak,
Or taking vent, it may grow dead and flat,
And then the Vintner little gets by that.
And if he be a fellow of free heart,
He now and than muſt give a pint or quart.
His Candles (night and day) are burning ſtill
Within his Seller, leſt his wine ſhould ſpill:
And if two Kennell-rakers chance to come,
To come i'th evening, they muſt have a roome,
And over one bare pint will ſit and prate,
And burne a Candle out (perhaps) thereat,
Whilſt all the Drawers muſt ſtay up and wait
Vpon theſe fellowes, be it nere ſo late:
The whilſt a Candle in the Kitchin waſtes,
Another to his end i'th Seller haſtes,
One with the Gueſts, another at the Barre,
Thus for one pint foure Candles burning are.
By day-light, this I have ſeene ſome to doe,
Call for a pipe, a pint, and Candle too,

By that time he hath done, 'tis quickly counted,
To what large ſum the Vintners gains amounted.
Beſides all this, his charge is ever great,
For ſervants wages, cloathes, and fire, and meat,
For linnen, waſhing, trenchers, loſſe of Plate,
For Glaſſes broken (by the courſe of Fate;)
* Beſides he hath ſome ſcores, which if you looke,
They make his poſts look white, & black his booke:
And if a debter ſev'n long yeares doe ſtay,
But ſix pence for a quart of wine hee'l pay,
When if a Merchant doe a Vintner truſt
For his forbearance deare he anſwer muſt.
And when ſome gueſts have liquor in their brains,
How they will ſwagger in their roaring ſtraines,
Out goe their ſwords, and by the eares they fall,
And now and than one's nayl'd unto the wall.
The man and's wife abus'd, his ſervants beaten,
No moneyes payd for what is drunke or eaten,
His houſe in queſtion brought, a man is kild,
His and his wives heart both with ſorrow fill'd;
And whereas other Trades their labours end,
At night, till midnight He doth ſtill attend,
* At every Groomes command officiouſly
He waits, and takes hard words moſt courteouſly.

* All, or the moſt of this is moſt true on mine own knowledge. * Beſides if Drawer be never ſo good a man, yet every paltry fellow will call Boy, fill more Wine.

He

He that amongſt theſe harmes can purchaſe profit,
Much good may't doe him, he is worthy of it.
My Maſters Vintner Trade, I thought to touch,
Becauſe I cannot thinke his gaines is much.
I love them all, my lines here manifeſts,
And ſo God ſend them honeſt ſober gueſts.
From thence unto the Wine-Marchant I went,
He preſently me to the Market ſent:
For Butter, and for Egges, I was exchang'd,
And to the Country with my Dame I rang'd.
Her Husband gave me to a lab'ring Ditcher,
He to the Alehouſe went, and bang'd the Pitcher.
To ſtay long there, I was exceeding loth,
They us'd ſo much deceit with nick and froth.
My Maſter Hoſt, unto the Brewer gave me,
The Maltman came on Monday & would have me;
He to the Alehouſe brought me backe in haſt,
From thence I quickly to the Baker paſt;
My ſervice there was very ſhort and briefe,
He plac'd me with a Miller and a Thiefe,
That was a merry Maſter for the nonce,
He got his living cogging with two *ſtones*;
I next dwelt with a Butcher that had tricks,
To live and thrive by Mutton and by *pricks*.
Thus have I oft beene toſſed too and fro,
From bad to worſe, from miſery to woe;

From miſerable Slaves, to Prodigals,
To arrant Thieves, and to good Hoſpitals,
To good and bad, to true men, and to Taylers,
* To Fidlers, Pipers, Fiſhmongers, and Saylers,
To Mercers, Grocers, Drapers, Tinkers, Peddlers,
To Fruiterers, for Pippins, Plumbs, and Medlers:
To Silk-men, Sadlers, Turners, Tylers, Glaſiers,
To tripe wivs, Meal men, gardners, Graſiers, Braſiers
To Plummers, Briclay'rs, Smiths, and Carpenters,
To Dyers, Gold-ſmithes, and to Playſterers,
To Noble-men, to Watermen, to Joyners,
To honeſt men, to Knaves, to clipping Coyners,
To Knights, to beggers, Scriv'ners, colliers, Lawiers
To Stationers, to Printers, Silkmen, Sawyers,
To Fooles to Wiſ-men, Dunces, and to Doctors,
To Harlots, Varlots, Serieants, Bayliffes, Proctors,
To Papiſts, Proteſtants, and Puritans,
To Traytors, Subjects, Matchevillians,
To Catchpoles, Beadles, Jaylors, Iron-mongers,
To Cooks (whoſe labors do aſſwage mens hũgers)
To Cuckolds, Bawds, to greaſie Pimps & Panders,
To Cowards, valiant men, and ſtout Commanders,
To Fiſhers, Fowlers, Shepherds, Querriſters,
To Feather-makers, Girdlers, Barriſters,

* I have ſet down all theſe Maſters of Twelvepence, not in order as they are in degree, but as he travelled from man to man, good and bad, poore and rich, without any order.

To

To Players, Bearwards, Fencers, to Goodfellows,
To thoſe that make no breth, yet can make bellows
To Pewt'rers, Shoomakers, and Buttonmakers,
To Marſhals men, and dirty Kennell rakers,
To Leather-ſellers, Armourers, and Curriers,
To Juglers Jeſters, Barbers, Maſons, Spurriers,
To Woodmongers, to Tapſters, and to Salters,
To Ropemakers, for Cables, Ropes, and Halters,
To Painters, Pointers, Hackneymen, and Skinners,
To Herb-wives, Fiſh-wives, and ſuch ſcolding ſin-
To Cutlers, Parrators, to Poſts, to Iudges, (ners,
To Druggiſts, Felmongers, and toyling Drudges,
To Hatters, Powlterers, Conjurers, and Farmers,
To Prieſts, Clarks, Sextons, Sorcerers & Charmers,
To Bowyers, Chandlers, and Aſtronomers,
To Gulls, to Gallants, and Embroyderers,
To Basket-makers, Milk-mayds, Iewellers,
To Comfit-makers, and Soliciters,
To Yeomen, Hoſtlers, and to Vnder-Shrieves,
To Millainers, to Chamberlaines, and Thieves,
To Cappers, Faulkners, Plow-men, Haberdaſhers,
To Coopers, weavers, Scullions, Coblers, Thraſhers
To Huntſmen, Gunners, Gravers, Rhethoricians,
To Coachmen, Tuckers, Potters, and Muſicians,
To Reapers, Spinners, Carvers, and Survayers,
To Orators, to Carriers, and Purvayers,

To

To Clothiers, to Logicians, Mowers, Sheermen,
To Clockmakers, Collectors, Miners, Carmen,
Tobacco-sellers, Netmakers, Men, Boyes, (*Decoyes,*
To *Sharks, Stales, Nims, Lifts, foysts, Cheats, Stands,*
T'a *Cut-purse*, and a Pocket picking Hound,
To as mad Rogues as ever trod on ground.
To marryed men, to Batchelors, to Lads,
To sober fellowes, and to drunken Swads,
To Mayds, to Wives, to Widdows, & to Whores,
To liberall minds, and hungry hide-bound Boores,
To Midwives, Chimny-sweepers, Beadles, Nurses,
To Seampsters, Laundresses, and Gossips purses,
To Drummers, Draymen, Pyrats, Drawers, Glovers
To Trumpets, Whitsters, Ratcatchers & Drovers,
To hangmen, Sidemen, to Churchwardens, Cryers,
To Fluits, Horse-coursers, Sellers, and to Buyers,
To Prisoners, to night-farmers, & to Broom-men,
To all estates of Forraigners and Freemen:
I could name more, if so my Muse did please,
Of Mowse-Traps, and tormentors to kill Fleas:
For Ballads, Table-books, and Conny-skins,
For ends of Gold and Silver, Poynts and Pins:
For Knights, and Madams, made of Ginger-bread,
And many a stale and musty maydenhead.
These *Masters have I serv'd, and thousands more
Of all degrees and Trades, on Seas and shore,

* Here are a strange gally-mawfrey of Twelve pences Masters, honest men and Knaves, like herbs and weeds in a Horch-potch.

And

And amongst all the places that I had,
Whereas I found one good I got ten bad;
If I did serve a poore man but one day,
I five yeares for it with a rich would stay.
I have bin *Twelve-pence* seventy odde long yeare,
And to the world ile make it plaine appeare,
That where I had one Master lov'd the poore,
I had ten Drunkards that did love a Whore;
For all thaoures service good men had of me,
To my great griefe I serv'd bad people three.
I weare the Kings Badge, yet flye from the King,
And to a Millers Cheft I profit bring.
The words I have are Latine which implies,
That I should wait upon the learn'd and wise;
But for one Scholler that can understand,
I have serv'd twenty Artleſſe fooles command.
My service to the * *Poets* hath bin evill,
I ran more swift from them than from the Devill,
I know not well the cause, but they and I
Together long could nere keepe company.
I have a true excuse that will defend me,
They * love me not, wch makes e'm quickly send me,
But ther's no great love lost twixt them and me,
We keepe asunder, and so best agree.

* Poets and money are in emulation. * Our English Coyne is well beloved beyond the Seas.

They

They that doe love me beſt, beyond Sea dwell,
For there I am like to a ſoule in hell.
From whence there's no returning, and ſo I
In the Low Countries or in *Germanie*,
If they doe get me once upon their ſhore,
'Tis ten to one I nere ſee *England* more.
I have ſerv'd Cut-purſes, and high-way Fellowes,
And have brought thouſands ten unto the gallowes,
Were he the arrantſt Thiefe that ever [illegible]g'd,
For my love he would venture to be ham[illegible]d.
Some Scrivners, & ſome Poſt Knights (it appeares)
For loving me too much, have loſt their eares.
There's many a reverend Bawd road in a Cart,
For bearing unto me a loving heart.
Ther's many a ſweet-fac'd Punk hath bin perplext,
Whip'd, & behind her* back, much griev'd & vext,
Some of my Maſters would take paine to have me,
And like to Barbers, waſh, clip, poll, and ſhave me.
In this I onely differ from a Whore,
We both have wicked followers great ſtore:
The whore they may kiſſe, clip, and coll, and ſtrip,
Me they make ſafely kiſſe, but never clip.
And now and than, like imitating Apes,
With Braſſe, Tin, Iron, they counterfeit my ſhapes,

* When a Whore is whip'd, ſhe is vext behind her back.

They

They lou'd me more than honeſty requires,
But commonly the Hangman payes their hires.
Thus though I be but of a ſmall account,
I have had power to make my Maſter mount,
And ſome againe (by their owne bad endevour)
I have had power to ſinke them downe for ever.
To ſome I am (in comming) ſlow as Lead,
But quicke as *Quicke-ſilver*, againe ſoone fled.
Suppoſe that any miſchiefe that could be,
Had lately bin by th'onely meanes of me,
As caſting good men into great diſtreſſe,
T'undoe the Widdow and the Fatherleſſe,
Along delayd ſute, longer to prolong,
Or hang'd a guiltleſſe man, that did no wrong:
Corrupted a chaſte *Mayd*, intic'd a Wife
To folly, and to loath her Husbands life.
If I had bin the meanes to worke all this,
Or ten times more ſuch actions of amiſſe,
Yet doe I looke as white as innocence,
And never bluſh at the moſt vile offence. (me)
Nay more, there's none will (for my faults reſtrain
But every one will ſtraightway entertaine me: A
If treaſon (through my meanes) bee thought or
I never am unto my triall brought: (wrought,
For I have had the triall touch before,
And am ſo knowne, I ſhall be tride no more.

For

For though I be in ill, chiefe formoſt Actor.
No man ſuſpects me for a Malefactor,
And if there be one man that will reveale me,
There are at leaſt ten thouſand will conceale me.
Indeed I was a *Pagan* * borne at firſt,
And ſince in Chriſtendome I have beene nurſt:
So they might have me to encreaſe their pelfe,
Many are turn'd worſe Pagans than my ſelfe.
For I no God or Deity did know,
To whom I ſhould my love and ſervice ſhow:
But they forſake their God, whom they know (well
And make a God of me an Infidell.
So, though I be but of a Heathen ſtate,
I am no baſe *Apoſtate*, Reprobate.
Look on the herbs, the flow'rs, the fruits, the tree
Fowles of the Ayre, the painfull lab'ring Bees,
And aske their Owners why they breed & ſpring
His anſwer is, they muſt him *money* bring.
Note but the toyling Plow-man, he is ſowing,
Hee's hedging, ditching, taking, raking, mowing
Goes to bed late, and riſes before day,
And all to have my company, hee'l ſay.
For me with dagled Gownes, and dirty ham'd
The Hall at *Weſtminſter* i'th Terme is cram'd,

* Silver firſt found amongſt Pagans and Heathen.

Sue

Such writing, running, ſweating, interceding,
Removing cauſes, Pleading, Counterpleading,
Aske the cauſe why, the anſwer true will be,
* Their wrangling and their ſtrife is all for me.
Look in the town, how folks throng too and fro,
So thicke, one cannot for another goe,
And how the ſhops with Wares are furniſh'd out:
How every one ſtares, pryes, and gapes about.
Demand the reaſon, all will anſwer make,
They watch, & wait, cauſe they would mony take.
I know not why, my reputation's ſuch,
But ſtill my credit hath beene wondrous much;
I am more willing taken, now and than,
Than a ſeal'd Bond of any * Alderman,
For by long proofe, the Proverb true doth ſay,
That ready money ever will away.
I am no worſe than I have beene of old,
When thrice my worth, for mee was bought and ſold,
For I could once have paid a quarters rent
For a ſmall Garden, and a Tenement:
And that (for me) of Barly, Wheat, or Rye,
Three times as much as now a man might buy:

* All men labour for mony, but not with a like devotion.
* Ready money is as good as any mans bond.

The cauſe why now I not ſo much attaine,
Is (that I am not lighter halfe a graine)
But that through greeedineſſe and hateſull pride,
I ſtill am ill imployd, and worſe apply'd:
For though the world be in a tott'ring ſtate,
[a] Yet am I conſtant alwayes at one rate.
Let houſe, land, cloathes, food, high or lower riſe,
I am in value, alwayes at one ſize;
Raiſe the price up, or let it fall downe low,
A Shilling is but *Twelvepence*, all men know,
I am the ſame I was, 'tis onely men
Have loſt the conſciences they harbour'd then.
I might (as they might uſe me) be a bleſſing,
And they make me the cauſe of their tranſgreſſing,
Some to obtaine me into miſchiefe run,
And ſome to ſpend me have deſtruction won:
[b] There's many a Maſter where I us'd to dwell,
That tooke delight (with me) to purchaſe hell.
And all the vicious wayes they ran aſide,
They made the devill and me their onely guide:
(Perhaps) their Fathers went to hell to have me,
And their mad heirs, run the ſame way to leave me,

a A Shilling is a conſtant Twelvepence. b Here I ſpeake generally of money.

The

The whilſt a haire-brain'd needy crue beſet me,
And gallop to the Deu'll a maine, to get me.
Thus vilely how to get, and keepe, and ſpend me,
Three quarters of the world doe ſtill attend me.
I have made Marriages in many a place,
Where hath beene neither beauty, wit, or grace,
All's one for that, I am of that high price,
I can make vice ſeeme vertue, vertue vice.
I am of that great power and high command,
In joyning houſe to houſe, and land to land:
That where one hath a dwelling to abide,
One hũdred knows not wher their heads to hide:
And as one may three hundred Tenants have,
Five hundred know not where to have a grave.
For though from *Earth* man hath originall,
And to the *Earth*, from whence he came doth fall,
Though he be earth, & can claim nought but earth,
(As the fraile portion due unto his birth)
Yet many thouſands that the earth doth breed,
Have no place certaine where to lodge or feed:
In which reſpect mens pleaſures are behind
The Birds, and Beaſts, for they contentment find
With the proviſion Dame Nature gives,
Free (without money) every Creature lives,

Their food, attire, their caves, dens, holes, and reſts,
They have and hold, as their owne intereſts.
And man, that hath a reaſonable ſoule,
Whoſe reaſon countermands each beaſt and fowle,
Within whoſe face, a Majeſtie is ſeated,
Beyond all Creatures that were e're created;
Yet let him but want *money*, and 'tis plaine,
Hee's th'onely briefe, and abſtract of diſdaine,
Deſpiſed, ſcorn'd, dejected, and contemn'd,
And round about with miſeries behemm'd.
Search all the worlds Records from Age to Age,
And view Times variable Pilgrimage:
Note that though fortune (in her tott'ring guiſe)
Hath playd at Foot-ball with great Monarchies,
Yet ſhall you find how ever ſtates have varied,
How ever things were carried or miſcarried,
That *money* ſtill bare the commanding ſway,
To whom both right and wrong, and all obey.
Should all the witches in the whole world ſit
In Councell, and imploy their damned wit,
And have the aydes of all the fiends of hell,
With many a mumbling Necromantick ſpell;
And all this toyle, and paines of theirs ſhould be,
To bring *Pecunia* into infamy;

To

To caſt my Lady *Argent* in diſgrace,
And make ſome other thing ſupply her place:
The fruits of all their labours they ſhould find,
Would be like feathers thrown againſt the wind:
For in mans heart 'tis rooted with ſuch love,
That nothing elſe but Death can it remove.
And many humane reaſons doe approve it,
That above all things earthly he doth love it:
Doſt thou want honor? *money* ſtraight will buy it,
Although ten thouſand needy Slaves envie it.
Would'ſt thou an office thy eſtate to reare?
Money will helpe thee to't man, never feare:
Do'ſt want wit how to guide and governe it?
If thou haſt *money*, thou canſt want no wit.
Art thou a damned Machivillian?
Thy *money* makes thee held an honeſt man.
Haſt thou a ſcurvie face? take this of mee,
If thou haſt *money*, 'tis not ſeene in thee. (dice?
Would'ſt have a Whore, a Coach, ſmoke, drink or
Money will bring thee all at any price.
Would'ſt have all pleaſures in variety?
Money will thy inſatiate wants ſupply.
Then ſeeing *money* can doe what it will,
Have not men reaſon to regard it ſtill?

Some things there are that *money* cannot win,
But they are things men take ſmall pleaſure in;
As Heav'n, and a good Conſcience, Vertue, Grace,
He that loves *Money*, cannot theſe imbrace.
For he whoſe heart to *Money* is inclin'd,
Of things Cœleſtiall hath but little mind.
If *Money* were a woman, I doe ſee,
Her caſe moſt pitty pittifull would be,
Becauſe I thinke ſhe would no lovers have,
Except a Gowty miſerable Knave:
One that all night would by her lye and Grone,
Grip'd with the Collicke, or tormenting Stone,
W^th ſtinking, coughing, grũting, ſpitting, ſpauling,
And nothing but contagious Catterwalling.
Beſides hee'd be ſo jealous day and night,
He would not ſuffer her goe out of ſight:
That ſure I thinke her caſe far worſe would be,
Than is the Turkiſh Galley ſlavery;
For none but ſuch as thoſe whom *Age hath got,
Are in the love of money extreame hot.
And when as *Hearing*, *Sent*, and *Taſte*, and *Sight*,
Are gone, yet *Feeling Money's* their delight.

* Old men love money beſt.

The

The whilſt a *Youngman, full of ſtrength & pride,
Would make her goe by water, Run and Ride,
Force her in all things to ſupply his need,
For Recreation, or to Cloath and Feed;
Compell her to maintaine him fine and brave,
And in a word, make her his Drudge and Slave;
And all his Love to her would be ſo ſo,
For hee'd but kiſſe her, and ſo let her goe.
Thus if *It* were a Woman as I ſay,
Her caſe were lamentable every way:
For oldmen within doors would ever worr'y her,
And yongmē round about the world would hurry
That wer ſhe matcht wth either yong or old, (her.
Her miſeries would ſtill be manifold.
But this commanding bright imperious Dame,
Vs'd well or ill, ſhee's evermore the ſame:
Lock her, or let her looſe, ſhe cares not which,
She ſtill hath pow'r the whole world to bewitch.
I call to mind, I heard my *Twelvepence* ſay,
That he hath oft at *Chriſtmas* been at play:
At Court, at th' Innes of Court, and every where
Throughout the Kingdome, being far and neere.

* Strange alteration.

At *Paſſage*,, and at [a] *Mumchance*, at *In and In*,
Where Swearing hath been counted for no Sin,
Where *Fullam high* and *Low-men* bore great ſway,
With the quicke helpe of a [b] *Bard Cater Tray.*
My Shilling ſaid, ſuch ſwaggering there would be
Among the wrangling Knaves for me (quoth he)
Such ſhoving, ſholdring, thruſting thrōging, ſetting
Such ſtriving, crowding, juſtling, and ſuch betting,
Such ſtorming, fretting, ſuming, chafing, ſweating,
Refuſe, renounce me, damn me, ſwearing, cheating,
So many heavie curſes, plagues, and poxes,
Where all are loſers, but the Butlers boxes:
That ſure in hell the Devills are in feare,
To curſe, and to blaſpheme as they doe there.
Whilſt without touch of conſcience, or of ſenſe,
Th'abuſe th'Almighties great Omnipotence,
And that this wicked ſtir that they doe make,
Is *me* from one another how to rake.
That though I were a Pagan borne, I ſee,
They make themſelves much worſ, to pocket me.
[c] Theſe Gameſters make this time a time of mirth,
In memory of their bleſt Saviours birth:

a And twenty games more. *b* Falſe Dice. *c* My Shilling is no Puritan for all this.

VVhoſe

Whoſe deare remembrance they do annually
Obſerve with extreame odious gluttony,
With gurmandizing beaſtly belly filling,
With ſwiniſh drinking, & with drunken ſwilling,
With ribald Songs, Jigs, Tales, and gawdy clothes,
With bitter curſings, and moſt fearefull oathes,
That ſure my *Shilling* ſaith, the *Heathen will
Not entertaine the Devill halfe ſo ill;
But worſhip *Satan* in more kind behaviour,
Than ſome profeſſed Chriſtians doe their Saviour.
In *Saturnes* raigne, when money was unfound,
Then was that age with peace and plenty crown'd,
Then mine was thine, thine mine, and all our lives,
All things in common were, except our wives.
But now the caſe is altred (as they ſay)
Quite topſie-turvie the contrary way:
For now mens wealth is privatly kept cloſe,
The whilſt their wives are commonly let looſe.
For he whom love of money doth beſot,
For's owne ſoule, or's wives body, much cares not.

* I ſpeake not againſt honeſt mirth, friendly gaming, nor good cheere, but againſt the unlawfull uſe of theſe Recreations, and abuſe of God.

It

It bewitch'd [a] *Achan* at the ſiege of *Ai*,
For which the Iſraelites did loſe the day:
It made [b] *Gehezi* falſe in his affaires,
And gain'd the Leproſie for him and's heires.
It with th' Apoſtle *Iudas* bore ſuch ſway,
That it made him the Lord of life betray;
And [c] *Ananias* and his wretched wife,
By ſudden death it made them loſe their life;
And Divine ſtories, and prophane, recite
Examples of ſuch matters infinite.
[d] Tis ſaid in *Salomons* Dominions,
That ſilver was as plenty as the Stones:
But ſure the ſin of Covetiſe was not
Amongſt them either borne, or ſcarſe begot.
For all that ſilver, and a great deale more,
Rak'd and Riped from the *Europian* ſhore,
From *Aſia*, and Sun-parched *Africa*,
And from the womb of vaſt *America*,
[e] From which laſt place the Potent King of *Spaine*,
Eleven millions in one yeare did gaine,
And from *Pottozzy* Mines he daily had
Three hundred thirty thouſand Ryals made.

a Ioſhua. *b* 2 Kings 5. *c* Acts 5. *d* 1 Kings 10. 27.
e Purchas.

To

To ſpeake what mighty ſums King *David* won,
And left them unto *Salomon* his Son,
[a] Of Gold one hundred thouſand Talents fine,
Silver one thouſand thouſand, from the Mine,
Beſides from *Ophir* he had at the leaſt,
Three thouſand golden Talents of the beſt.
[b] *Ioſephus* doth of *Davids* Tombe thus write,
How th'hidden Treaſure there was infinite,
The Baſons, Candleſticks, and Cenſors all,
Lampes, Organs, Inſtruments moſt muſicall,
Ports, Altars, Tables, Hindges the Gates to hold,
There were all made of pure refined gold.
Beſides ſix hundred Shields and Targets more,
The King caus'd all with gold be plated o're.
Beſides the richneſſe of his Royall Throne,
The like whereof elſwhere [c] was never none.
When the great *Macedonian* did ſubdue
Darius, [d] and his hapleſſe *Perſian* Crue,
'Tis ſaid, his Treaſure did ſo much abound,
Twenty nine thouſand Tallents there was found.

a Claron. 22. A Talent of gold is in value 6co Crownes.
b *Ioſeph.* in the ſeventh Booke of his Antiquities. *c* And more the Captains 5000 Talents, and 10000 pieces of Gold, and 10000 Talents of Silver, beſides Braſſe and Iron.
d *Quintus Curtius.*

And

And more he ſaith (if we may credit this)
How that in *Suſa*, and [a] *Perſepolis*,
They found of ſilver, to encreaſe their ſtore,
One hundred ſeventy thouſand talents more.
When *Cyrus* Conquer'd *Crœſus*, [b] *Crœſus* loſt
Three hundred millions of good Gold almoſt.
'Tis writ that *Midas* [c] treaſure ſo amounted,
Innumerable, not to be Accounted.
Sardanapalus an *Aſſyrian* [d] King,
Neere eightſcore millions to the fire did bring.
Where fifteene dayes did burne his houſe, & pell
His whores, &('mongſt the reſt) his wretched ſelf
And *Plutarch* ſaith, [e] *Marke Anthony* ſpent cleare
Of Gold, full ſix ſcore millions in one yeare.
What ſhould I ſpeake of *Cleopatraes* treaſures,
Or wealth, or Triumphs of the Roman *Cæſars*?
Or what they were, whoſe riches have bin ſuch,
Or who they are that now poſſeſſe too much?

a Joſeph. in the ſeventh Book of his Antiquities. *b* And more the Captains 5000 Talents, and 10000 pieces of Gold, and 10000 Talents of Silver, beſides Braſſe and Iron. *c Quintus Curtius.* *d* Two Cities in *Perſia.* *e* About 60 Millions of Crownes.

But

But here's the queſtion, ſeeing times of old
Did yield ſuch ſtore of ſilver and of gold;
And ſeeing daily more and more is found,
Digg'd in abundance from the ſolid ground,
I muſe which way the Devill all is gone,
That I, and thouſand thouſands can have none.
I know my ſelfe as able to abuſe it,
As any man that knowes well how to uſe it;
But ſure I never ſhould my Maſter make it,
But as my ſervant take it, and forſake it.
I have deſcribed in particular
What *Twelve-pence* is, how it hath travell'd far:
How to all Ages, Sexes, Trades and Arts,
It comes and goes, it tarries and departs:
I could tell further how it doth command,
In * preſſing men to ſerve by Sea or Land,
How Bakers thirteene penny loaves do give,
All for a Shilling, and thrive well, and live.
How it a pottle of good Clarret buyes,
How 'tis a quart of rich Canaries priſe;
How for a thouſand things 'tis daily ranging,
And is ſo round a ſum it needs no changing;

* A Shilling is a Preſſe Maſter.

How

How up and downe the world he ſtill doth ferrit
And takes no more reſt than an ayrie ſpirit.
Then at the laſt my Muſe to mind doth call,
The mighty power of *money* in generall,
And how all ages ſtill have had good ſtore,
Muſing the cauſe my ſelfe can have no more.
And * *Money* having writ all this for thee,
Shew not thy ſelfe ingrateſull unto me:
But as I know thou canſt, ſo prethee grant
That when I want, thou wilt ſupply my want,
Reward thy Poet that doth ſet thee forth,
Ile love thee ſtill according to thy worth.

* A requeſt to Money.

FINIS.